



To Mr. Hoag

Upon His Ninety-second Birthday, February 10, 1923

On the cold air with brighter ray
Dionondawa gleams today,
 To give a bard his due;
For Scriba, last of all the line
In whom our ancient glories shine,
 Is turning ninety-two!

As o'er the hills strange echoes rise
From bards who gaze with alien eyes
 Upon a changing land,
You, SCRIBA, who have known the past,
Will keep it living till the last,
 For those who understand.

'Tis yours a happier day to sing,
That spread too soon its golden wing;
 A day of hope and worth,
When young Columbia, proud and free,
Exulted in simplicity,
 And bless'd her recent birth.

For you the scene so few recall:
The village by the waterfall
 Where freemen dwelt unspoil'd;
Where the trim cottage lay embower'd,
Whilst o'er the trees the steeple tower'd,
 And swains contented toil'd.

The old farm home you knew so well,
Where homely virtue us'd to dwell,
 And strength in boundless store;
These but for you were dim in truth,

Yet in your lines gain second youth,
And vivid rise once more.

Prais'd be the pow'r that keeps the fire
And living murmur of your lyre,
And bids you linger here;
For thro' your eyes our hearts have learn'd
What thoughts within our fathers burn'd;
What scenes to them were dear.

May all your days that radiance know
WWhich made them glad so long ago,
By Hoosick's leaping tide;
When, charm'd by Nature's varying face,
You sang in lines of Doric grace
Her ev'ry mood and side.

And may those fruitful days be long,
And garnish'd with unbroken song,
That we may share delight;
May each calm year with tender care
Weave chaplets for your silver hair,
And make the evening bright.

H. P. Lovecraft.

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